

Maggie Blough



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POOR FELLOW!



PITY him? Of course I do. Poor fellow, how sad he looks, all bundled up, taking a lonely supper, with a bottle of medicine before him!

"How did it happen," do you ask?

I will tell you. He is a good boy who loves his mother, and loves to do as she bids—except when he knows better than she what is good for him. Are there not a great many such good boys?

Well, this boy's mother gave him permission to go the beach, to bathe in the sparkling sea-water. She made only one condition, which was, "Be careful not to remain in the water more than twenty minutes."

You may be sure it did not take a long time for the little fellow to get to the beach, and into the water. Once there, he felt so happy, and so comfortable, that he thought a few minutes over the time to which he had been limited would make no difference. He loved his mother still, and remembered what she had said, but he argued that if she only was there, she would allow him to stay in the water longer than twenty minutes.

So he swam and splashed about, and let the

waves roll and tumble him over, for a half hour or more. When he came out he was chilly, and could hardly put his clothes on. He managed to get home, however, and when he entered the house, his pale face showed that he had disobeyed his mother. She did not chide him, nor ask him any questions, but wrapped him up, gave him a hot supper, and a little medicine.

I cannot tell you all that his good mother did for him during the week that he was confined to the house, but this I may say, he was overcome by his mother's kindness, and said, first to himself, and then to her, "I shall always remember to do exactly what my mother bids, and never think that I know better than she."

A CHILD'S SUNDAY BIRTHDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

I LOVE this sunny morn that brings
Another day to me,
For every blessed Sunday sings,
Dear God in heaven, of Thee.

But most this Sunday of the year,
And most this sunny place,—
For this my birthday is, and here
Thou show'st thy gracious face.

Wachusett lifts its wooded crest
Above the swelling green:
'Tis like, perhaps, the mountain blest
Where Jesus once was seen.

I see the multitude draw near,
Christ's lifted hand I see,—
And now his voice of love I hear,
"Dear child, come unto me!"

I see green fields; I look beyond,
And there, beneath the sky,
I see the shining lily pond
That shines beneath thine eye.

The silent lily opes her leaves,
Thou pourest in the sun:
And she her cup of sunshine gives
To Thee, when Thou hast done.

Thou fillest thus my little heart
With thine all wondrous love:
Dear Lord, it surely is thy heart,
For Thou dost take my love.

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

WINNIE AND HER CHICKENS.



MAMMA! just come and look at my chicks; they're most all out of sight under Speckey's wings!" cried little Winnie Morse excitedly, as she stood in the kitchen door of the pleasant farmhouse, where she lived with her mother.

Her pet hen had that morning led proudly ten little chickens from the nest, and Winnie had given them a nice home in a coop back of the house. Now as the sun had gone down the mother hen was calling with coaxing little clucks to the ten little downy balls that were running about her; while Winnie stood watching them, her eyes sparkling with pleas-

ure, as with many a sleepy "Peep, peep," the little chicks cuddled and crowded under the hen, and a merry laugh rippled from her lips as a little white head peeped through the feathers. Winnie's mother came and admired the pretty sight to her little girl's satisfaction; then sitting down in the doorway, drew her to her knee, saying, "Can my little girl think of any place in the Bible that says anything about chickens?" Winnie thought a moment, then repeated slowly: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

"Yes, darling, and Jesus said that. Was it not beautiful? See how lovingly the hen folds her chickens beneath her wing, keeping them safe and warm, close to her faithful breast! And so, my child the dear Saviour would gather us close in his loving arms, and shelter us from all evil. Does not my little Winnie want to go to Jesus, and give Him all her heart, when He so tenderly invites her to come?"

"Yes, mamma, I do want to," said Winnie, softly, but earnestly. She sat very still for a few moments, then slipping down from her mother's lap, she went quickly to her little room, and kneeling down by her bed asked Jesus to forgive all the naughty things she had ever done, to give her a new heart, and make her his own little child. As she knelt there she thought how ungrateful she had been, never to have really loved that kind and compassionate Saviour, who had loved her so much; and she felt so sad that the tears began to trickle down her face; but by and by, she remembered that Jesus had said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." So she knew He would not send her away, but would forgive and make her all his own; and as she believed his word, his love and peace filled her heart, and she was very happy. When she went to bid her mother good night her face was fairly shining with joy and love.

As her mamma looked in her eyes, and kissed her good night, she felt that Jesus had indeed gathered her little one into his own faithful keeping.

Dear little readers, are you safe in Jesus' loving arms? If not, you are in greater danger than the tender little chickens would be, without the shelter and protection of the mother hen. There are many fearful snares into which your little feet may stray; and when Jesus, who has all power in heaven and earth, offers to be your guide, and says "Suffer little children to come unto me," will you not come?

COUSIN JEAN.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1871.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

OUR ARMY'S MOTTO.



Y little readers will notice three long words at the head of this column. They are "National, Christian, Unsectarian." What do they mean? They are the mottoes of Our Army, and were put at the head of our column last month, in order that the soldiers might see them before they were explained.

NATIONAL.

I suppose that every one of my readers can tell me what "National" means, and I think it applies very well to Our Army, the thousands of members of which are scattered in every State, and almost every Territory of our great nation. Let us think then, that Our Army belongs to the nation, and let us work harder than ever to put THE CHILD AT HOME in the hands of every boy and girl in the United States. This is a great work, but boys and girls who are determined can do a great deal towards its accomplishment.

CHRISTIAN.

If it is a grand thing to have Our Army "National," is it not a very much grander thing that it is "Christian?" That means that we are not limited by this world, nor by the time in which we live, but that our work extends to interests that include Eternity, and shall be only thoroughly understood in that glorious world which we call Heaven. Can boys and girls make a Christian army? I have no doubt that they can. St. Paul said, "I can do all things," but he added "through Christ which strengtheneth me." And we can do all things by the gracious help of the same power. Shall not ours be a Christian army, as truly as it is a National one?

UNSECTARIAN.

I suppose you think our last word, "Unsectarian," is more difficult to understand than either of the others. By Unsectarian we mean that our army is one, that it has one end and aim, and looks to one guide and to one book for its orders. There are a good many companies to be sure, and many large divisions, because it would be impossible to manage it without many divisions. If our country was no larger than a single city, it may be we could all meet in one house and have only one company. But now we are obliged to have the division of the East and of the West, of the South and of the North; and in these divisions we have "Company B," which is the Baptist company, and "Company E," which is the Episcopalian company; but we do not think that makes any difference in our work, or in our feelings toward each other. Each company takes the same Bible for order-book, and Jesus Christ is the captain over us all. Can we not be an Unsectarian army?

More than this, our Society works on the basis of this motto, for its papers and tracts and books are National, Christian, and Unsectarian, and the Executive Committee, of which I spoke last month, intend that they shall remain such.

It makes no more difference to me in which company of our army any one of you marches, than it does in what city or on what street you live. I wish you to have a home, somewhere, and to love it. I wish you to adorn it, and make it happy, and I should like to visit you in it. I can make myself at home in a Congregational, Baptist, or Episcopalian Sunday-school as well as I can in one belonging to the Presbyterian, Methodist, or any other of our companies. Can we not all do the same?

"THE New Year," is the title of the National Family Almanac, to which I referred last month. It is now out, and is a very elegant, cheap, and exceedingly useful volume. It contains a very large amount of interesting reading, and practical information for family use, and will be constantly referred to by every family in which it is found. It costs 10 cents, and I hope it may be bought by every family which has THE CHILD AT HOME and The Christian Banner.

WE are making efforts to have this paper better than ever next year. Its beautiful appearance will be improved as much as possible. Every boy and girl will be charmed, I am sure, by an elegant new heading that has been engraved for us by a celebrated artist in New York. It contains the title, and our Saviour's cheering words, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

"Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

BUMPS AND SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. HERBERT.



thize with his grief.

But soon it is remarked that, while baby is becoming quite an expert walker, he gets an extraordinary number of bumps, judging from the frequent outcries, although few of them leave any trace of hurt. Watching more critically, mamma soon finds that, when baby thinks no one is noticing, he gently tumbles himself down, and after cautiously bumping his head upon the floor, begins to cry lustily, with his hand upon the place, watching for a commotion, hugs, kisses, and candy, as a consequence.

"If baby bumps his head on purpose, he will get a whipping instead of a hugging," said mamma, promptly proving the truth of her promise by keeping it in the present instance. Baby's bumps after this were not frequent.

If babies do not often hurt themselves for the sake of begging sympathy, they often cry that they may get it. Very aged people, too, in their second childhood, are apt to do it, always having some real or imaginary cause of trouble to claim commiseration; but I hope every one of my little readers knows a great deal better than all this. Be bright and cheerful as the sunshine, which makes life and beauty wherever it falls.

FLOWERS IN THE GRASS.

AFTER dandelions, buttercups;
After buttercups, clover;
One blossom follows another one,
Over, and over, and over.

And the sweet, satisfying green
Is round about them all;
First to be here in Spring-time,
Staying last in the Fall.

Just as God's love is first and last,
With human loves between—
Successive blossoms, which He sends
Through his all-present green.

Only when cometh the clover
Lifting her honeyed crest,
'Tis then that in our heart's choice
We like dandelions the best;

As here and there in Autumn time
Their lonely faces smile,
Like likenesses of vanished things
Which we had lost awhile.

After dandelions, buttercups;
Then daisies and clover;
One blessing touches another one,
Over, and over, and over.

But O, behind, beyond, around,
Between them, and above,
Rises the satisfying green,
The Everlasting Love.

British Messenger.

MARY GARDINER.

WHAT IS A VICTORY?



uncomfortable men and women in the world."

AUNTIE," said Carl one Sunday afternoon, "what was that the minister said this morning about ruling one's spirit? Please tell me again."

"He said," replied Auntie, "that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city, and that if a greater number of little children had been taught to govern their tempers early in life there would be fewer impatient, uncomfortable men and women in the world."

"I guess he doesn't know how hard it is to keep from getting angry when the boys plague one so; do you think he does, Auntie?"

"Yes, I think he knew very well what he was talking about; he certainly would not have called governing one's temper 'gaining a victory' unless he had realized how hard it is to conquer, oftentimes."

"But, Auntie, it makes one awful mad to have a mean trick played off on you, or to have some hateful fellow tell you that 'you lie,' in school; don't you know it does?"

"Yes, I know that very many disagreeable things are done and said every day in school, and because I know this I am the more anxious that my dear Carl should learn to be in God's sight a 'better' man than the mightiest general who ever obliged a bravely defended city to surrender. Will you not promise Auntie now that you will strive day by day to conquer your quick temper, which gets you into so much trouble?"

"I'll try, Auntie, but it won't be much use. I always fly into a passion before I think. I am ever so sorry for it afterwards."

"Ask Jesus to help you, my dear boy, and be sure He will."

Carl started for school next morning with an unusually thoughtful face, but for some reason everything seemed to go along as smoothly and pleasantly as could be, and he began to think that he wasn't to have a very hard time after all. The greater part of the morning had been devoted to doing some very difficult examples, and just as "recess" bell rang, the last one was completed; but, alas! before he could put his slate under his desk, out of harm's way, a mischievous boy reached over his shoulder and rubbed a wet sponge over it, thus destroying all his morning's work in less than a second. Oh, how vexatious! now he must stay in all "recess," or he cannot be ready for his class. What wonder that an angry flush mantled his face from chin to his curly brown hair! He turned to give the boy a scolding and perhaps a blow, when the memory of his promise to his Auntie, and his evening prayer, came to his mind, arresting his hand, and changing the unsightly frown to a smile. The boy who had thoughtlessly done this mischief was greatly surprised at "fiery Carl's" command over himself, and offered and even insisted upon sitting down by his side and helping him to do his work over again. How pleased were Jesus and the holy angels, as they looked down upon Carl that morning; how pleased was "Auntie" when he told her about it. Henceforth he took for the motto of his daily life the text: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city!"

RUTH ARGYLE.

A LETTER.



HE pictures on the last page of the September number attracted the attention of a little girl in a Sunday-school in central Massachusetts, who writes the following letter to the Editor, which explains itself.

DANA, Aug. 28, 1871.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I am nine years old.

I go to the Sunday-school and have THE CHILD AT HOME every month, and I like it very much.

I saw the cuts in the paper, and I thought what it was, and when I got home I read it out of the Bible, and then I wrote my story. Good-by.

Here is the little girl's enclosure:—

Answer to cuts in No. 9. of THE CHILD AT HOME.

Parable of the good Samaritan.

(1.) A man, going from Jerusalem to Jericho, (2.)

fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and left him half dead.

(3.) Then came a priest, and when he saw him, he went on the other side. (4.) Next came a Levite, looked at him, and passed by.

(5.) Then came a Samaritan, and when he saw him, he pitied him, and bound up his wounds with wine and oil, (6.) put him on his beast, and carried him to an inn.

When he left the next day he gave the host two pence, and told him to take care of the poor man, and if he paid out more than that, he would pay him the next time he came.

A HYMN.

O LITTLE child! lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near,
Thou need'st not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep
By day or night;
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

O little child! thou need'st not wake,
Though bears should prowl,
The wolf's fierce howl
And watch-dogs' bark the silence break;
Jesus is strong;
The angels watch thee for His sake,
The whole night long.

O little child! be still and rest;
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps;
And in the morning wake so blest
His child to be;



Love every one, but love Him best:
He first loved thee.

O little child! when thou must die,
Fear nothing then,
But say "Amen"
To God's command, and quiet lie
In His kind hand
Till He shall say, "Dear child, come, fly
To heaven's bright land."

Then, with thine angel wings quick grown,
Thou shalt ascend
To meet thy Friend;
Jesus the little child will own,
Safe at His side;
And thou shalt live before the throne,
Because He died.

Watchman and Reflector.

"JESUS LOVES ME."

A BAND OF HOPE STORY.



of the younger children were selected to sing that beautiful melody, "Jesus loves me." Before the day came, one of these little girls accidentally set fire to part of her dress, and was so severely burnt as to render her recovery almost hopeless. The doctor was sent

for, and the poor child, whilst suffering great agony during the process of having her burns dressed, repeatedly cried, "O, doctor, how it hurts! But I can sing, 'Jesus loves me.'"

A lady, who was very fond of the little Band of Hope girl, went to see her immediately after hearing of the accident, and found the sorrowful mother nursing the child, whose arms, face, and chest were severely burnt, her lips swollen, and her eyes entirely closed. The mother's tears fell fast as she spoke of the comfort her little daughter had been to her, though only seven years old, for she was gentle and obliging, and very kind to her younger sisters.

The lady went up to the poor little sufferer, and said, "Do you know me?"

She cheerfully replied, "O yes, I know; it is my Miss Munroe come to see me."

Miss Munroe then said how sorry she had been to hear of her sad accident, and that she thought she would not be able to attend the practice next week.

She immediately, with much earnestness in her voice, replied, "No, I shan't come any more, but I shall sing 'Jesus loves me' in heaven. You won't hear me, but I shall hear you. Shall I sing it to you now?"

"No, not now," was the reply. "I will come and see you again to-morrow."

The next day it was evident that the powers of life were sinking fast. She had not spoken for some hours. Her kind visitor asked if she knew her. She turned her head aside, and in a feeble yet musical voice replied, "Jesus loves me."

These were the last words she uttered on earth before her spirit winged its flight for heaven. Her fleeting breath failed, or she would have continued:—

"Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong."

The Band of Hope girls, becomingly dressed in white, who were to have sung with her the melody at the public meeting, attended her funeral. Scarcely was the affectionate address to the sorrowing parents finished, while the crowd of Band of Hope children were assembled at the grave-side to see the last of their beloved companion, when suddenly the air became musical with the sounds of that sweet hymn. Tears might be seen trickling down the cheeks of older persons, perhaps unused to

weep, as the melody of those young voices was heard, and when the last verse died away upon the breeze—

"Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die,
He will take me home on high."

it was sweet to feel that the little one who had been taken from our band on earth was reëchoing the sentiment, "Jesus loves me," in a heavenly home.

And now I would ask each child who may read this, two questions, Can you say, "Jesus loves me?" and can you also say, "I love Jesus?" If you can, you will try to please Him by being gentle and obedient as this little girl was, and by avoiding everything which leads others into sin. It may be very difficult for you always to refuse, but remember that Jesus loves you, and that He will help you to do right, if you ask Him; and you will always have a good answer when tempted to do wrong, if you can truly say, "I cannot do it, for I love Jesus."

CONTENTMENT.

A GOOD anecdote is told of a celebrated English divine, that, being visited one morning in his study, he was asked by a friend, "Doctor, why do you sit in such a little place as this? You have not room to swing a cat." "I do not want to swing a cat sir," was the reply.

What volumes of wisdom are comprehended in this answer! The true secret of happiness lies not so much in gratifying our desires, as in conforming them to our actual situation.

